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December, 1918

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Printed in January, with February Suggestions

The Pruning of the Rose
Early Bird Takes Long Flight
Sparrows---February Plantings

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Floral Designs

Miss Rainford *1115 Fourth St*

The California Garden

Published Monthly by the San Diego Floral Association
One Dollar per Year, Ten Cents per Copy

Vol. 10 POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, DECEMBER, 1918 (Mailed in Feb.) No. 6

LIKE hounds upon a fresh scent we have fastened upon our new fetish "Reconstruction" and dropped the old overworked one of "Efficiency" and are hot on the trail. There is no question that this is an accent point in the world's reconstructive program and it is a mighty good idea to try and find out where we are going, yet would it not be as well to keep in the back of our minds that our new war-cry is merely another name for growth or progress which is supposed to have been going on since the world began? This is a large opportunity, but we are not going to do it all right away. Nature's processes, the only safe kind, are slow. Faith in sudden conversions of criminals to saviours in a moment, amid tears and noise, is confined to a minority. Laws are like antiseptics, they smell of something wrong to be corrected and the whole business is the making of a better humanity from within, not without. Perhaps we should take a little time to realize that for the most of us the Reconstruction lies in our own backyard in spite of the fact that each one's obligation towards his neighbor is and should be more emphasized, it cannot be really any more than it always was, that is adjusted to his need for help.

There are quite a lot of folks who think a certain conference now going on in Europe, is a giant street sweeper that will RECONSTRUCT everything, but these don't know their good old humanity and we must not forget that at least a big bit of it was like Huck Finn's father, who could only, and then but just possibly, be reformed with a shotgun. Then with the statement that the writer was speaking in the course of a treatise on an Oriental land we feel urged to quote from Fielding Hall's "The Soul of a People."

"Any government, however good, however bad, is but a small factor in the life of a people; it comes far below many other things in importance. A short rainfall for a year is more disastrous than a mad king; a plague is worse than fifty grasping governors; social rottenness is incomparably more dangerous than the rottenest government."

"The Central government of a country is, as I have said, not a matter of much importance. It has very little influence in the evolution of the soul of a people. It is always a great deal worse than the people themselves—a hundred years behind them in morality. Men will do in the name of government acts which, if performed in a private capacity, would cover them with shame before men, and would land them in gaol or worse. The name of government is a cloak for the worst passions of mankind."

We are sure that in the last paragraph many of us will find comfort as we reflect upon various phases of our own experience, for it practically assures us that we are not nearly as bad as our published acts would make us, and this it not a mere local condition, but a universal lack of sympathy between ourselves as individuals and ourselves in aggregation.

We have said something about reconstruction and its starting point being at home. We have been very much disorganized and the Magazine, always somewhat erratic, has threatened to settle down and stop on more than one occasion. Lots of publications did this with a sigh of thankfulness, but it appears even that much relief is denied the California Garden. We cannot get peeved and quit when all the subscribers patiently and smilingly await the next issue and keep on doing it long after patience has ceased to be a virtue and a smile becomes heroism. We are almost inclined to promise some real RECONSTRUCTION, but why do it when we have always done our best and intend to. We are moved to tell you what a Dutchman, a real reconstructed one, told a certain boy who had annoyed him to the point of speech, a rare sign of irritation. He said, "Perhaps you are not a bad sort

of boy; you are as good as they made you, but THEY DID NOT MAKE YOU VERY GOOD." We trust you will accept this as an apology,if you need one.

We are no longer, except in isolated cases, trying to smash each other into such small pieces that burial of the remains becomes superfluous, but are we not drifting back to the old imaginary barriers that we had erected as between nation and nation and man and man? Did we go over to Europe to fight the cause of humanity, and if so shall we not have to feed it and clothe it if it cannot do these things for itself and we have a surplus above actual need? That doing of things on a high motive basis sets an uncomfortable precedent for the future.

We will get to the garden sometime and we have been thinking of it all along. Is any reconstruction due here? What about our fences? Are we going to get block and neighborhood treatment of gardens out of the wave? We are not sure but that we shall expect to see even the most exclusive lawns littered with children so long as there are enough children to go round. We don't necessarily mean the lawn's children, but any old children on any old lawn. And what is going to be the new attitude to the garden? Will it be more or less of a factor in life? We would like to canvas a cantonment and ask each man, "What are you going to do about a garden when you get home or when you have a home?" And then catch a regiment returning from the actual fighting and put the same question. But in the meantime there are the gardens of San Diego. What is the temperature of our garden spirit, with fertilizer and every other necessity higher than ever before? We don't know, but in our own case, and there it always reaches danger point as the spring catalogues come in. Our garden is not an excresence, it is a necessity.

Rainbows

By G. L. Fleming

RAINBOWS are not common in our gardens, but they are a possibility. And, as this is the season for Rainbows, we will give them a little attention. The encyclopedia defines a Rainbow in this wise: "A bow, or an arc of a circle, consisting of the prismatic colors, formed by the refraction and reflection of rays of light from drops of rain or vapor appearing in the part of the heavens opposite the sun." It had never occured to me, when looking upon one of those wondrous creations, that it might be described in such simple terms. 'Tis true they have the form of an arc, some are complete circles, and all contain a great display of color. No two of them, however seem alike. A Rainbow always reminds me of the story of the Great Flood and a Bow placed against the cloud as a covenant between Jehovah and all the creatures of the earth. It represents a promise fulfilled.

At La Jolla a few weeks ago a very heavy ground swell caused a wonderful surf, and as the great waves broke an easterly wind carried back the spray in long plumes, each plume decorated with a Rainbow.

Years ago while walking along an Oregon beach on a clear frosty morning I enjoyed a grander surf scene. Their was an east wind which tossed back the spraying crests of the oncoming waves, spinning them out like gossamer banners. The sun, just topping the eastern mountains, poured out his colors, and touching each banner lightly and quickly, soon gave us a vision of miles of Rainbows.

One morning this Autumn, while travelling along the Bay of the Golden Gate, a Rainbow appeared directly ahead of the train against a great fog cloud. Soon the engine and forward cars passed beneath it, one end of the Bow resting on the water, the other on the hillside. But, sad to relate, it vanished before coming opposite my window.

A misty morning in the desert revealed a Rainbow seemingly but a few steps away. Its setting in that Land of Strange Things made it appear more beautiful and mysterious than the Rainbows of the towns and the settled country.

One summer afternoon, in the Lake Chelan country of the Washington Cascades, I rounded a point of rocks and came full upon a Rainbow haunt. A stream broke from the cliffs, in a fall of over two hundred feet, into a narrow gorge. At the time of my visit the sun shone in at such an angle that the most briliantly colored circle was formed in the mists. For an hour or more I sat watching the colors, which seemed like brightly robed Water Nymphs at play and above the tumult of the waters I could hear their laughter and singing, and the music of elfin instruments.

And in this same Northland the sun went down behind the mountains one evening with a wonderful Rainbow spanning it.

As a garden feature, it is possible to have a Rainbow wherever there is a suitable back-

Continued on page 12

In the Garden of Life

A FLOWER has bloomed, has matured and has passed on. Though the flower is lost to view, the fragrance still remains, a fond memory enshrined in loving hearts.

In the death of Marion J. Robinson, one of the founders of the San Diego Floral Association, this society has lost one of its most valued and treasured members. The cold and matter of fact black and white of pen and ink cannot record the love and esteem in which she was held by our members. Her counsel and advice, her nimble fingers and artistic nature, her unswerving devotion to the interests of the Floral Association, her excellent example and centering efforts leave a void that can never be filled. Therefore,

Be it resolved, that in the death of Marion J. Robinson the San Diego Floral Association has met with an irreparable loss.

That our appreciation of the acts and deeds that she so unselfishly performed in the furtherance of the objects and welfare of this Association shall be ever our model and that to emulate all her many efforts for good and betterment shall be our tribute to the memory of this wonderful soul.

That we extend to her husband, Alfred Robinson, and to her daughter, Charlotte, our sympathy in this hour of bereavement and the assurance of our heartfelt wishes that Time will be good to them and administer to them his healing balm.

That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family, be spread upon the minutes of the Association and published in The California Garden.

SAN DIEGO FLORAL ASSOCIATION,

Stephen Connell, President.

Alice M. Greer, Secretary.

Adiantum Croweannum

The following lines were found among Marion J. Robinson's papers and are published here at the expressed wish of many of her floral friends.

Oh dainty frond so tightly curled
What clasp you to your heart?
Know you the joy that beauty gives
To all you see, in part
Into great Nature's wondrous ways,
To feel you have a share
Of that great gift to meet the gaze
Of all whom you see there?

If so, then open your pink arms
All rosy with delight
And grow in size and beauty till
You charm us with the sight
Of your exquisite nature lace,
Your black and shiny stem.
Of all the Adiantums fair
You are the very gem.

Mrs. Robinson's success in growing the Maidenhair fern was very pronounced and she always expressed a special love for the Croweannum variety whose young fronds have a delightful pink shade as they unfold.

Pruning the Rose Bush

By F. W. BODE

THE time to prune roses has arrived. There are many opinions about rose pruning, but there are also some definite rules that must be observed. The first consideration would naturally be the purpose of the rose, that means whether a large amount of blooms for show in the garden or long-stemmed buds for cut purposes are desired; also whether the location calls for a shrub of good size or simply a low bush, a standard or climbing rose.

Secondly, we must consider the kind of rose to be pruned, whether hybrid perpetual, hybrid tea, tea bourbon, china, noisette or polyantha.

A rose for ornamentation of the garden should be pruned much less than one for cut flowers, the purpose being to get all the bloom possible for the bush to carry and to show the flowers well up. The bush, therefore, should be two to five feet high after it has been pruned, according to its location and age. All dead or old non-producing wood should be removed so that the center of the bush is fairly free and has a chance to make new wood. Then prune last year's growths to about three to twelve inches, pruning the weaker wood shorter than the stronger growth, the theory is, the strong wood can support more buds than the weaker shoots. Always prune so the upper eye (bud) points outward so as to prevent the bush from making cross-wood and growing too dense in the center. The sap of a tree or shrub flows upward and comes to a stop at the upper bud, which, therefore, will make the strongest growth and should grow outward, where it has abundant room for its development. After this has been done experience and common sense should tell us whether the bush is too dense or not. If it is, the oldest and most unpromising wood should be removed. I may say here that people leave too much wood on their roses. Care should be taken that all old stubs from previous prunings should be cut in order to give the tree a clean appearance and remove the harbors for rose borers. Here should also be mentioned that all wood containing rose borers must be pruned out, even if it disfigures the bush. The presence of the borer is easily recognized by the hole in the center of the rose twig, the borer eating the marrow out of the twigs and deposits its eggs there. They will hatch into maggots, which work their way down into the rose wood. All wood infested with borers should be burned as soon as possible. This should be strictly attended to, as the rose borer is probably the cause of most yellow stemmed, unpromising rose bushes.

I shall now take up the pruning for cut flowers and exhibition roses. The purpose is here not quantity but "quality only", the amount of bloom being second consideration. These bushes should have all old wood removed right at their base. Then all surplus wood should be cut out, leaving only the three to five most promising stems. These should be pruned to from three to eight eyes, the weaker ones shorter than the stronger shoots. All of the bush's strength is now confined to but a few eyes and by strong feeding and abundant watering good results can be looked for. By placing a protection in the form of a small umbrella, made out of paper or cheese cloth over the bud as soon as it shows color, very fine blooms can be produced.

The crowns of standards should be pruned with great care, as they generally are not able to make the fast and robust growth of the bush rose of same varieties. Proceed to cut out all thin wood, then cross wood and prune the remainder to about four to six eyes. By leaving about six shoots evenly distributed a good crown will be the result.

Climbing roses produce their best showing on the last year wood; they should therefore not be pruned very severe. It is sufficient to cut out the old wood and thin so as to give the remainder room to grow. If the rose has made strong and long growth, about one-fifth could be cut off, leaving four-fifths. The leading stems of climbers should not be pruned. It is advisable to wait with the pruning of climbers until after the main crop of bloom is over and before the rose makes new wood. By doing this you get the full benefit of each year's growth.

The foregoing are general statements as regards the pruning of roses; we have now the several classes to consider.

The hybrid perpetual probably stands the hardest pruning of them all. To this class belong the well known Baroness Rothchild, Black Prince, Captain Christy, Frau Karl Druschki, General Jacqueminot and many more.

The hybrid tea can also stand considerable pruning. This is perhaps the largest class in this locality and also the most satisfactory; here belong Belle Siebrecht, Betty, Mdme. Caroline Testout, Florence Pemberton, General McArthur, Kaiserin Augusta Victoria, Killarney, Lady Battersea, La France, Leon Payne, Segonde Weber and others.

Tea roses are best not pruned quite as heavy as the foregoing. Here should be the

following mentioned: Bride, Bridesmaid, Gloire de Dijon, Perle de Jardin, Franceska Kruger, Marie van Houtte, Maman Cochet, Marechal Neil, Souvenir de Pierre Notting, etc.

Bourbon and China should only be relieved of their old and dead wood, otherwise no prunning is necessary; Agrippina, Hermosa, Queen Scarlet, Souv. de la Malmaison are in this class.

Noisette rose should also be pruned lightly. These are mostly climbers and should have their old seed pods removed and dead wood taken out: Beauty of Glazenwood, Celine Forestier, Safrano, Alfred Carrier and varieties in this class.

Polyantha roses should have all weak and old wood trimmed out and the old seedpods and flowers pruned off. It is not advisable to give them too hard a pruning. This class has become very popular both in the low varieties for borders and the climbers. Here may be mentioned the well known ramblers: Orlean Rose, Phyllis, Mrs. Taft, Cecile Brunner, etc.

Petsai--(*Substitute for Lettuce*)

United States Department of Agriculture submits the following data through the medium of the Weekly News Letter on Petsai.

The poet who said, "What's in a name?" evidently had no idea that, insofar as the important matter of food is concerned, prejudice could be aroused to such a point as to cause a mental aversion to, if not a positive condemnation of, a really delectable article of diet. Take the case of the Chinese cabbage, for example. Instinctively the gourmet shudders at the attempt to associate that name with a delicacy. Call it petsai (the Chinese name for it) and most probably his prejudice will change to desire; he will try it; like it.

Petsai was introduced by the United States Department of Agriculture from China. It is now grown in considerable quantities in Illinois, New Jersey, California, and other sections.

The testimony of unprejudiced people who have eaten petsai is all in its favor, and many who have eaten chop suey and liked it, not knowing of what it is composed, unwittingly have held a brief for petsai—one of the staple ingredients of that well-known and much-enjoyed Chinese-American dish.

To Americans lettuce has become the great leaf vegetable for salads. Throughout the yaer it is grown in some part or other of the country and shipped from great distances to our tables. It is grown under square miles of glass near the great cities and at a considerable expense for coal. It is estimated that 42,000 tons of lettuce is grown under glass every year, and that the value of this product is $9,648,000.

Petsai can be grown throughout the whole United States. It possesses not only all the good food qualities of lettuce, but also it has the advantage of being more economically grown—about one-half the cost of lettuce—by reason of its heavier yield. This feature alone should recommend it during these times.

Petsai is a supplement of lettuce recommended by the Department of Agriculture, not a substitute for it.

Petsai can be grown throughout the whole country and at about half the expense of lettuce.

It keeps better than lettuce and, pound for pound, probably contains as much of the valuable substance for which we eat lettuce.

In transit it "holds up" better than lettuce.

Petsai is one of the staple ingredients of chop suey, a dish that thousands of Americans have eaten and liked.

Technically petsai is not a cabbage, and the unfortunate use of the name Chinese cabbage should not create prejudice against it.

As a garnish it is preferable to lettuce; it retains its crispness in flavor, as well as in appearance.

Petsai is grown from seed, just as lettuce is grown. It attains a height of 12 to 14 inches and when ready to serve it resembles the heart of lettuce.

Apply to your seedsman for seed.

Another Liberty Bond Drive Coming

May as well be planning for it!

Pickings and Peckings

By THE EARLY BIRD

THAT "Early" is rather funny when I have been trying to get myself to write this for over two months and did not make it. To the man who reads and never writes, a page or two of matter seems nothing, and darned if he is not more often right than wrong, for the writing epidemic is worse than the flu at its worst and has been at its height so long that we regard the condition as hopeless and bury the victims under the head of some other malady. As evidence of the correctness of this diagnosis I am still writing.

Just now I am pestered to death with inquiries as to when it is going to rain or why it does not rain. To the latter I have replied that the rainmaker, not Hatfield, but the boss one, has taken pity on the builders of the Otay Dam and wants to give them a chance to get it done so that some of us can celebrate its completion, but as to when it will rain I am as worried as the next person. The man on the street who reads the papers says, "Oh we are only a fifth of an inch behind normal", which shows he has not a garden and does not realize that gardens grow on what they have and not what they have had. A little cloudiness sends me hopefully to my barometer which jeeringly points to **"very dry"**, and I was quite relieved when I got a sample weather prediction from one Foster of Washington. True this was a skilful effort to sell me a weather forecast service, but somehow the name Foster gave me a sort of confidence, and he hailed from Washington, where folks are supposed to know something of what will happen, all and much evidence to the contrary notwithstanding. Being of a mildly speculative nature I made a little bet with myself saying, if this Foster promises me copious rains I will invest a small sum on his perspicacity; if he does not he is no good to my garden and I will save the money till the next brigand drives down on me and extracts it and everything else I have got by a tale of how fortunate I am not to be somebody else, so I read "West of Rockies' crest, "February will average warmer than usual with less than usual rain". Now would not that rasp you when my garden is so dry it is glad to have me spit on it, and then this Foster person rubs it in by adding, "I expect less than usual precipitation for February, March and April". Frankly that is not the kind of prediction to get my money. If I am to be shriveled up and generally dessicated I don't want to know about it beforehand. What would the Council do if Hatfield arrived and said I will give you a hat full of rain for my back pay?

I think I told you before about my walking tractor and my efforts to tame it. Well I just got it so it would almost come when I called it and this dryness intervened and it was only other folks' troubles that gave me a chance to keep it exercised. A whole family arrived one day, a patriarch, two young men and a woman between the other two. As was only proper, though unusual, the eldest did the talking. He had been told by the vendor that I had a walking tractor and further could make it walk. He had a tractor also, but his did much as it pleased, which was not according to specifications or the alluring illustrations in the book of instructions. Would mine run straight and turn round when it got to the end of the row? I don't know how I happened to be so confident or so amiable, but I invited the crowd to witness my almost miraculous control over the brute machine and both of us proved at our best. We walked and we ran, turned corners at right angles, made figures of 8 and did the outside edge amid cries of admiration, but it was not so easy to say why all these walking tractors were not so tractable. However, I did my best, and when I had nothing to say, cut another figure. I have heard nothing since, but hope the tractor has not worn out the entire family. Further, I serve notice that no responsibility as to performance or non-performance of this or any other tractor inheres in me. I will give no more demonstrations if it rains, for then both the machine and myself will have all the troubles we need. If it remain dry the tractors can saw wood, the book says they will, and I know nothing about this. Any way I am thankful I sold my horse, though I dare not go after the balance due for fear the purchaser should want me to take him back.

I am excessively irritated (that I think is the right word) with my utter inability to cope with this Hun sparrow, the striped headed devil that can hide in a bush right under your hand and preen his feathers while you search for him. So far he has eaten up two thousand cabbage plants, my peas and everything else except the weeds. He packs away more chick feed than the chicks, but I hate him worst for his absolute ignoring of my existence. When that Audubon lady addressed the Floral Association in behalf of the birds, she seemed to want them so badly I had hopes she might collect them, perhaps turn into a sort of Pied Piperess and take them down to Lower California, or did some

one say Los Angeles? I could always buy my vegetables cheaper than I could raise them and I have hinted aloud that I know this in the presence of a few million of these birds, but they know how far a man will go to be able to say to his guest, "That pea came from my own garden", or perhaps it may be a carrot or some other specimen that the birds despised. They know all about the feed room and the ways into it, and the other day were holding an indignation meeting there because I had put a cover on the barrel which contained a few precious grains of $4.50 chick feed, and one of them flew in my face when I came to the door and called me "Hoover". The suggestions I have seen to cope with this pest are almost childish. What will traps do with tens of thousands? How cover acres with netting? How poison sparrows and not anything else? There is no doubt they are on the increase. They don't hatch here, where do they go when they have reduced all of us gardeners to the stage of gibbering? No, I don't want to follow them except with my curses and some engine of destruction. Don't think this is funny. That sparrow does thousands of dollars of damage in San Diego every winter, and he laughs when we put a price on the head of his cousin, the English sparrow, who is as harmless as a suckling babe compared with him.

This seems to be one long wail and yet I am reasonably cheerful, though I do wish I had not bought that pair of rubber boots last December. It was a fool thing to do before the ground was good and wet. I am thinking of the effect, say in April and May, of the cool spell (I hope the printer won't make that cold), we have had when the real early birds claim to have caught a glimpse of something resembling frost. All deciduous things like this. It gives them a real rest, and makes that pruning we ought to do much less painful. We folks down here are not like other folks, even if we don't stand on street corners and blow about it. In most any other country the owner of a tree dreams all the rest of the year of the time when he can get out and cut it without a blush. Why, in lots of cases you will see the owner, knife in hand, work while all his acquaintances who have no trees of their own and some who have, stand around and give advice with a hand in their pocket gripping their jack-knife, and it takes real manhood on the part of the owner to disperse the crowd and save any of the tree. Here we go about hunting a man to prune, if we do anything, and don't worry if we can't find him. I love to prune every month in the year, except the one for action, and yet I know every garden here needs a savage thinning out. I can never be grateful enough to Miss Sessions for the "savage" expression, it speaks.

I have one other woe I must talk about. It is so much more comforting to talk of woes than joys, and this is about a dairy near me. It is not on my direct road to anywhere, yet I go round that way just to smell it. I cannot do anything else, as another has contracted all the fertilizer, tons of fertilizer that instead of being a nuisance and offensive, smell of bushels of roses, acres of grass, dahlias like dinner plates, green corn on the cob, not out of the can. I was always attracted to manure piles even in my callow youth, and I am convinced that it was a holdover from a previous incarnation when I farmed in San Diego before cows were invented. I keep a cow and her milk is a subsidiary product which is fortunate as it is perfectly amazing how often she saves the neighbors' dietary lives. A cow, if she is fed (some of them are not and occasionally one of these comes to tell me about it and apologize for eating my garden), is an expensive boarder. It requires considerable mental agility to excuse the expense, but having done this how does the owner stand in regard to the milk. I mean if he desires to be a man and a brother before a cow person? Supposing he likes cream in his coffee and on mush and fruit, home made butter and milk to drink and boards a cow to get these; what shall he do if his perfectly good neighbors forget to order from their milkman and have special calls on their hospitality and his cow is so obvious? The answer is easy if he is a Hun, but supposing he prefers to be a deecnt citizen. This darned world is full of problems, fuller of problems than of cows.

You ought to be able to sense that I don't want to talk much real garden talk. I am not doing anything in my plot but walk around and tell myself what I shall do here and there when it rains, and sympathize with some stocks that are holding their breath to see what is going to happen just as much as I am. There is only one bed that is progressing and that has California poppies and Schizanthus in it. Both of these say "there is a good time coming", and though I have said, "I am hanged if I will water anything", I do sneak round these with the hose now and then, but those poor stock they whisper from dry throats as I pass, "Who took us from our nice dry cot, whether we wanted to go or not and placed us where the rain is not? You gardener!" and the contempt in the last words blisters even through my sunburn. This is the devil of it, if you will excuse the expression. A gardener at heart feels so much responsibility for things beyond his control. Of course there is the other side for he gets awful chesty at times over matters equally beyond his influence. It is a great game, just like everything else, the spice of life are its interests from the time we suck our thumb, to the day we mumble our last crust with our toothless gums. Lose interest in what we do

and we are slaves; keep it at fever pitch and we are creators; all the world between the two points. I know it will rain or it won't and either way I have to take it, but I just would like to know where the stopcock is.

I thought I had come to a stopping place, but instead I am switched off to some books on Education I have been reading in which three separate fellows think we ought to make this interest in action either mental or physical the keynote of teaching. If I got the idea it is to develop faculties rather than graft in a set lot of buds; not to waste a mechanic by planting him in soil where never machine grew; to use the enormous force behind natural bents. There is a heap of sense in it and perhaps some day we will be able to make education growth itself instead of a graft on it. We are doing the best we can, but this thing is a good deal like the kingdom of heaven, we shall in nowise enter in unless we become as little children. The schools will have to be eventually modelled from the child's point of view, instead of the grownups' point of view of what they think the child's point of view ought to be. The school and its record is nothing beside the welfare of the child. I was really thinking about the garden problem all this time. The gardener must be the important thing rather than the garden and that character should be built aright in the garden is infinitely more the issue than whether a purple bougainvillea be shading a red geranium, and perhaps the contemplation of this abominable mixture might in time adjust something in the planter. The gardening instinct is strong in almost every child and it generally encounters a stronger conviction in some grownup that the child knows nothing about the matter and must be taught so we have our school gardens both in schools and at home with their grownup regularity and similarity and nothing of the child is there.

Note—A year ago Mr. Robinson wrote a comment on the dry spell and before the magazine came out it rained. This year it began to rain within an hour after he handed the above article to the printer. This may be an inkling to a valuable discovery. If it can be demonstrated another year that rain follows his writing, it will be much cheaper for the city to employ him than Hatfield, as Mr. Robinson doesn't present a bill after the work is done.

2D NOTE—We only had .03 of an inch from this long article. The method promises to be expensive after all.

The Vegetable Garden

By Walter Birch

I do not remember any season in Southern California in which the early rains have come in a more favorable way for general farming and gardening operations, as they have this year.

The farmers who gambled on putting in their grain crops after the first rain, have had enough moisture since, to keep the crops growing in fine shape, and now plowing and harrowing is going on at a great rate, getting the balance of the land under crop. It is very encouraging to have weather conditions so favorable for all crops, because never in the history of the world has there been so great a need for food as there is at present. The war, thank God, is over, and some people think that all the responsibilities connected with the war are also a thing of the past. But this most certainly does not apply to the food question. Instead of War Gardens we must now have Victory Gardens. The Allies, and particularly the U. S. A., are now morally responsible for the well being of far more people than they were before the actual fighting ended, and it is more important now to do our bit in the garden than at any time since the beginnnig of the war.

Through the efforts of the Farm Bureau and the Chamber of Commerce the outlook is that there will be a larger acreage under crop in the county the coming year than ever before. Let us make the same record in Victory Gardens in San Diego and show that we are not quitters as long as the whole world is crying out for food. The ground is now, in splendid condition for spading up, if heavy and clayey don't forget to use air slacked lime as well as manure, either barnyard or commercial. Dig deep and rake surface fine before putting in your seed, and do not plant quite so deep as you do in the summer. Most small seed should be covered for 1-4 to 3-4 inch deep, and peas from 1 1-2 to 2 inches. The time is now ideal for the following plants and roots, cabbage, cauliflower and kale. Plant these up to first leaf in rows, plants about 18 inches apart, rows from 2 to 3 feet. Asparagus, horseradish and rhubarb roots should also go in. For the first and last the ground should be well manured and deeply spaded. Plant asparagus about six inches deep from eighteen inches to two feet apart in the rows, rows three feet apart. When setting out your rhubarb roots, plant them four feet apart in the row, rows also four feet apart. Plant up to the crown, fertilize well and dig deep. Strong roots should produce during the spring. Horseradish needs deep soil, shade and moisture, is a peren-

nial and a little slow in growth, but a few roots are enough for one family. Plant about two feet apart.

Continue planting all hardy vegetable seeds, such as carrots, beets, peas, parsnips, onions, lettuce, radish, squash, turnips, etc. If fond of strawberries get your plants out now and you can pick berries in the spring time. The Warren and Banner are both good kinds. Plant eight to ten inches apart in rows two feet apart.

You can still get good results from planting flowering bulbs, but do not neglect them any longer.

The February Flower Garden

Miss Mary Matthews

With rain in prospect this month we should get everything in the ground possible, but first put your ground in readiness by loosening up and working in a good lot of manue, or if this is not to be had, use bone meal in quantity. This, where water is used freely and judiciously, is always a reliable thing. Plant roses, deciduous shrubs and vines. Prune all old shrubs into shape by cutting long, straggling branches. Transplant all hardy annuals that are large enough from the seed boxes into the open ground. Dig your holes deep enough to receive the plant without crowding the roots; put it in with a little earth, give enough water to settle the earth round the roots, then fill up and press down firmly so the air will not dry them out. In this way the plant seldom flags, but grows right along. If the weather is favorable most of the summer blooming bulbs can be planted at this time, gladiolus, amaryllis, hippeastrums, tigridias, tube roses, montbretias, etc., all require practically the same treatment. Watch out that slugs and cut worms do not get the new growth. Keep the soil loose around them and give frequent waterings. A dozen of each of the various kinds mentioned will soon give you quite a garden of them, they increase so rapidly. Watsonias should have been in the ground some time ago. Planted now it is doubtful if they give blooms this season.

The very cool weather we have had so far should make the violets give blooms with fine long stems. Keep all dead leaves picked off, and gather all blooms. Young pansy plants should now be put in, on the north side, if possible, protected from cutting winds.

Japanese Anemones, which are late summer bloomers, should be looked after now. They are increased from runners just as the strawberry. They do not like to be disturbed after being once planted, against a north wall if possible.

Looking over the 1919 catalogues that have come in, one is struck with how few new things are offered compared to past seasons, but all the old, well-tried favorites are there, some enlarged, some doubled, and many in new colors and shades. All of them are as attractive as ever and just as well worth growing.

The newer cosmos, double and anemone flowered, are very attractive and come fairly true. There is a new Salvia splendens, not scarlet, as the old type, but a gorgeous purple. A new gladiolus, a large, pure salmon, with just a little yellow on the lower petals, and several improved types of the China asters. Novelties when described always sound very alluring. It is a good idea to try at least one new thing each season and if it makes good add it to our list of favorites.

A WINTER GARDEN FOR EVERY SOUTHERN HOME.

Something in the form of green vegetables may be had from the outdoor garden every day of the winter months throughout the greater part of the Southern States. Perhaps it may be nothing more than turnip greens or a dish of boiled kale, but it serves the purpose of giving the family much needed green food and puts iron into the blood. There is, perhaps, no vegetable more delicate or appetizing than the universally grown collards of the southern gardens. Fall-planted spinach may be cut at any time during the winter, even when the ground may be slightly frozen, and it may be necessary to plunge the freshly cut spinach into cold water to remove the frost.

Certain of the more hardy varieties of lettuce, like Big Boston, can be grown during the winter with slight protection by means of straw or boards set at an angle on the north side of the row. Onion sets planted now will give an abundance of early green onions for table use. There are quite a number of crops that will make a slow growth during the winter and furnish a constant supply of green food for the table. Get the garden habit and keep the southern garden going every month in the year.

DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE.

The Lath House

A. D. Robinson

DID you ever promise your Bank that at a certain season you would arrive with coin of the realm or its immediate equivalent and then had to go and explain why you were not doing so? If you have you can realize my position with my lathhouse. Months ago I promised it to cover it up all warm for the winter with a real coat of the finest brand of cow manure, once it had been wet down good by the rain, and my intention has never wavered, but the rain was not made a signed party to the contract and the wetting down has not been accomplished. I cannot explain the situation to the begonias and ferns who have been regarding me as a sort of special providence able to produce any kind of weather by waving a potent hand, and frankly confess I have sent my assistant to do the necessary watering while I stayed outside and cussed the continual fairness of the weather. Now comes the necessity of advising others as to their conduct in lathhouse matters and it is a pretty hard job.

I am going to wait on Providence till the end of January and then if I have to, shall start irrigating the lathhouse with the idea of getting it wet down at least three feet. This, in my condition of shallow soil, should insure reaching below the roots of things, which excavations have proved to keep above this level, even in the case of large trees. When the wetness has become a pleasing condition of moisture I purpose digging out my beds around all growing things to the depth of a foot and refilling with an equal part of cow manure and sand or sandy loam and then turn on the tap again. This means a lot of work of a rather finicky order for it must be done very carefully and a little at a time, but it is the only means of maintaining fertility where growth is so intensive and continuous and irrigation so constant. The reason I exercise as much patience as I do awaiting rain is that rainfall accomplishes what irrigation cannot do. It carries down from the surface the excess of salts that irrigation through the summer has collected there. A further reason for this replacing of the soil rather than a mere adding of elements to it, is that a continuous wet condition in partial shade is bound to bring about a certain sourness of the soil, also the combination of cow manure with sand is so much preferable as a medium for growth of lathhouse things than the natural soil hereabouts. I think I hear a chorus of "What about leaf mold?" Certainly leaf mold if you can get it, and it should be possible in these days of cement highways and trucks to get it brought from the mountains reasonably, that is, reasonably for these times, that have no reason in charges. I hope to be generous with leaf mold to my lathhouse, but I made no promises and don't now. I am open, however, to bids for the delivery of leaf mold by the sack at Point Loma, but it must be the real thing and not scraped up under the brush within the city limits.

There have been inquiries about lilies for the lathhouse and as they should be planted as soon as they can be procured it is timely to consider them now. Lathhouse conditions should be ideal for lilies if the soil be right. Few things are so choosy about soil in spite of the fact that our native tiger lily will try to do something almost anywhere. Nearly all lilies want leaf mold and sand combination which must be deep enough to allow of their planting at least a foot below the surface, preferably even more, as some of the bulbs are four or more inches long. In planting, the bulb should be put in a sand pocket as they decay very readily. In 1915 I got for experiment several varieties which have been undisturbed since the Fall of that year. They were Giganteum, Excelsum, Superbum, Henryi, Hansoni, Croceum, The Speciosums Album, Magnificum, and Rubrum, Batemanniae, Canadense, Elegans, Incomparable, Tenuifolium. Most of these made some growth the first year, but only a few of them bloomed and today there are left Henryi, a tall growing yellow, very effective, though not large; the Speciosums alive but not what you might call jubilant; Batemanniae, a short, very deep orange, almost red, blooming in August and the Elegans small red. A few others make a protesting appearance. I believe the ill success was largely due to a failure to supply suitable soil conditions and I should confidently expect to improve on this record with another trial. The gorgeous Japanese Auratum survived two seasons also. At one time I brought down some bulbs of the little Alpine lily from the Yosemite, but they refused to even sprout.

If you put away your tuberous begonias in sand look them over and see if they are not drying up, they will hardly be rotting. If they appear to be shrivelling give them a little moisture, not enough to wet the sand, only to create an atmosphere. You should be ordering any tubers you want of these as they ought to be started up in March.

Have you cleaned out all spent growth in the lathhouse, particularly close growing ferns like some of the smaller Pteris? It will be hard to do this when the new fronds get a

start. The best course with many will be to cut the top right back.

Don't move anything or repot now. There is no life to be spared for the operation and many things will not get over the shock. Just before growth starts up, or even shortly after, is better with most ferns and begonias.

Plan for the summer, always more begonias, tuberous varieties in the ground, in pots, and hanging baskets. We should get more sweet odor into our lathhouses, begonias odorata alba only smells when she feels like it. Won't our readers give us suggestions for this feature? That vine with a name like an animal and Jasminoides tacked on is divinely scented but it is not happy under lath.

Natural History Notes

Frank Stephens Curator of Zoology, Museum of Natural History

THIS species of sparrow is only too well known to the owners of winter gardens around San Diego, where they are sometimes very destructive. This season the pests are less plentiful than usual, and it is to be hoped that severe storms will not drive increased numbers here from the north. Given average winter conditions we shall be less troubled than usual by them. Some notes on the life histories of these sparrows and their near relatives may be interesting to readers of the Garden.

Intermediate Sparrows (**Zonotrichia leucophrys gambeli**) breed mostly in British America and Alaska; a very few breeding as far south as eastern Washington and Montana. In the latter part of the summer the long southward migration is begun and proceeds more leisurely than the spring migration. In October, or occasionally in late September, the vanguard appears here, and by the end of November the birds are about as numerous as they will be if severe storms do not occur, though these often bring additions in January and February. In the fall migration some of the birds following down the Pacific coast may pass along to southern Lower California, the distance they may go depending on the pressure of those following, which depends on the weather conditions north of us. Deep early snows cover the seeds and the lack of food and severe cold weather drives the birds further south than they would otherwise go. This year the winter must be mild up the coast, as we are not having the usual amount of bird visitors of this and several other species.

The majority of the Intermediate Sparrows appearing here in the fall and early winter are in the first year plumage, that is the stripes on the head are light brown and dark brown, but mingled among these are some adults with sharply contrasting black and white head stripes. In the March moult the young birds also acquire the black and white stripes.

The Intermediate Sparrows begin to move north about the middle of March, the exact time being dependent on weather conditions. A severe storm at the end of May may send them back again for a few days. Usually few remain here after the end of March, but in a week or so a near relative, the White-crowned Sparrow (**Zonotrichia leucophrys**) appears in the mountains with an occasional straggler along the coast. These are never very abundant and nearly all have passed on northward by the end of April. This subspecie breeds in the higher parts of the Sierra Nevada and Rocky Mountains. The Intermediate and White-crowned Sparrows are so much alike that only a bird expert can tell them apart at a little distance. There is another subspecie in California, the Nuttal Sparrow (**Zonotrichia leucohprys nuttalli**), but there is no record of its appearance in this county. It is smaller and darker than the two preceding forms. They migrate very little, but a few miles usually. They breed close to the sea beach from Point Conception northward. Their principal interest lies in their having become a sedentary race instead of migrating long distances as their cousins do. In consequence of their remaining the year through in the cool, foggy climate of that seacoast, they have taken on darker colors as is usual with all birds permanently inhabiting foggy climates.

Another near relation of the Intermediate Sparrow, the Golden-crowned Sparrow (**Zonotrichia coronata**) winters about San Diego, but rarely appears in gardens. They prefer thick brush and are common in the chaparral, but are never as abundant as the Intermediate Sparrow. The Golden-crowned Sparrow is larger than the Intermediate and as ordinarily seen lacks the head stripes, these being replaced by irregular dark patches. In the spring moult, which is not often completed before they leave here in March, a black stripe appears on each side of the crown over the ears and eyes; these enclose a golden yellow crown patch whence the name.

If some way to prevent Intermediate Spar-

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MONTHLY MEETINGS

February, L. A. Blochman, 3260 First St.
March, Geo. W. Marston, 3525 Seventh St.
April, Stephen Connell, 1877 Lyndon Road.
May, Miss Alice Lee, 3564 Seventh St.

NOTE—Tho this is the December Garden the advice is for February.

JANUARY MEETING

After a silence of three months, the society made itself heard at the home of Mrs. German, on the evening of the twenty-first of the month. The same familiar faces were seen, also a few new ones. We are always glad to welcome new members, and hope that many of our winter visitors will be invited to the meetings.

Mr. Fleming was present for the first time since his travels in the north. His talk on his impressions of the various parks seen on his rambles, is published elsewhere in the Garden, as is also the valuable paper on February planting, given by Mr. Bode.

Miss Sessions is ever enthusiastic—with her specimens and suggestions. She maintains that on account of war conditions, the world will look more and more to California for the production of bulbs. Therefore every individual should conserve and sell what bulbs are favorable for this locality. Here is a good thought she left with us. Write queries, discoveries, items of interest, thoughts and expressions of your own, on a postal and send to Mr. Guy Keene, to be used in the Garden. In this way you will be sharing with others, that which will be of value to them, and gaining satisfactory solutions to your problems. Let's follow the suggestion and deluge Mr. Keene with postals!

The Harris Seed Co.'s 1919 Seed Catalog is out and contains a lot of valuable information on the planting and care of the flower and vegetable gardens. You can get one by calling at their store, Sixth and E Streets.

Miss Kate Sessions suffered considerable from shock and bruises sustained in an auto accident recently, when her machine became unruly and started up before she was at the wheel. Her many Garden friends hope for a speedy and complete recovery.

Mr. John Morley, Park Superintendent, has been in the hospital as the result of an injury sustained in cranking his automobile. We shall hope to see him again on his tours about the big park even before the appearance of this item.

The Sparrow

Continued from Page 11

rows from damaging winter gardens could be found many gardeners would be thankful, but I know of no practical way. Trying to get rid of them by shooting is too much like trying to keep the tide back with a broom. Poisoning is too risky in town. About all a gardener can do is to observe the numbers of the sparrows present in November and plant accordingly. In seasons when the sparrows appear to be numerous, plant such vegetables as the birds do not care for, such as potatoes, cabbages and onions. Even these may need covering while quite small. Away from gardens the sparrows are really beneficial by eating weed seeds and insects.

Rainbows

Continued fyom Page 11

ground. A planting casting deep shadows, or the shaded interior of a porch or the lath-garden, will provide the cloud; a fountain, or a garden hose, throwing a fine spray, will supply the "drops of rain or vapor". If this "rain" falls just outside the shadow, and if the observer is between it and the sun a Rainbow will appear. In the lath-garden the spray should fall at the edge of the sunlight flooding through the open door or window. In this case the effect will be similar to that seen where the sunlight plays against a fall in a narrow gorge.

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